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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1906.

Primed for the Fray.

Senator Tillman is in the thick of the fight. His pitchfork twangs above his head, and shrill defiance flames from his lips. Silence him on the race question! What powers be there, high or low, to effect so tremendous an estoppel? Like the eternal processes of the universe, Tillman must go on, inevitable, remorseless, unrelenting. That handful of Chicago blacks is trying, as did the old woman, to sweep back the sea with a broom—attempting the foolish, bucking the impossible, and trifling with the unthinkable. Where did they ever get the idea that the broadax is the weapon superior to the pitchfork?

Our sympathies go out to the women who have become the buffers between Tillman and his quarry. They thought only to raise a fund for the afflicted and the poverty-stricken, for the relief of suffering and the cure of the diseased, but they have raised also the stupendous question, "Can Tillman be suppressed?" There will be thundering answer to that question on Tuesday night. The country may look for thrills and perturbations, but the interrogation will be settled once and for all time.

Never again will temerarious lecture committees venture to suggest that Tillman subside and be effaced. They will learn that he is the Great Unstoppable.

The simple life for Panama and Porto Rico now.

Elkins Stands by the Senate.

Since, a little while ago, it became one of the fads of the times to trounce the Senate of the United States, there have been few—too few, in all justice—to say a good word for that maligned legislative body. Indeed, so little of late years has been spoken or written in kindness, or event justification, of the Senate that it seems almost novel when a member has the temerity to step forward and lift his voice in its behalf. But that is just what Senator Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, has done:

"In some quarters, and among those who are not well informed and who do not know the Senate, it seems fashionable to talk about the decadence of the Senate. The decadence of the Senate can only follow the decadence of the people, and it would mark a backward movement in the social condition, morals, intelligence, and integrity of the people.

"The Senate demands men of ability, experience, and character. The world is advancing in intelligence and virtue, mankind is growing wiser and better, and so long as this continues and we enjoy the blessings of liberty under our present Constitution, the best men will be chosen for high places. Although the Senate does not respond to popular passions or clamor, it has not failed in a hundred years to reflect the mature judgment and well-ascertained wishes and opinions of the people and to put them into enduring law."

The grandest tribute to man is by man. The best tribute to the Senate can be had of a Senator.

Sixty-six years ago, when Clay, Calhoun, and Webster were at the zenith of fame, Charles Dickens, the great reporter of human nature, visited Washington and closely scrutinized the Senate and its environment. He gave the result of months of observation and reflection in the regretful opinion that a most unhappy distrust of public servants prevailed among our people. He wrote:

"You no sooner set up an idol than you are sure to pull it down and dash it into fragments; and this, because directly you reward a benefactor or a public servant, you distrust him merely because he is rewarded; and immediately apply yourselves to find out either that you have been too bountiful in your acknowledgments or that he is remiss in his deserts. Any man who attains a high place among you, from the President downward, may date his downfall from that very moment; for any printed line that any notorious villain pens, although it militate directly against the conduct and character of a life, appeals at once to your distrust, and is believed. You will strain at a gnat in the way of trustfulness, but you will swallow a whole caravan of camels, if they are laden with unworthy doubts and mean suspicions. Is this well, think you, or likely to elevate the character of the governors or the governed among you?"

And James Madison, one of the foremost architects of the Senate, said of Senators, when the foundations of the republic had just been laid:

"With respect to their responsibility it is difficult to conceive how it could be increased. Every consideration that can influence the human mind, such as honor, oaths, reputations, conscience, the love of country, family affections, and attachments, offer a security for their fidelity."

Dickens' comments were with the days to which it is often suggested the glory of the Senate has departed. It is but the mystic glamour of distance which gives the old-time Senate a seeming superiority over the Senate of to-day. Ever conspicuously within the public gaze, its sense of responsibility is more compelling to right than wrong. Not one of its hosts of critics is so careful of what he says and does with respect to the public welfare as the average Senator.

Disregarding that grim facetious vein of Senator Vance, when he said he might be like one of his constituents who, when invited to go to a political barbecue, said he was "one of those who shirk no responsibility and shrink from no refreshments," as well as the reminder of Proctor Knott that "there is not an office, from President down, that any of us would not relieve the people of the trouble of holding, and of which we would not heroically shoulder the emoluments," we may still look at our Senate and congratulate ourselves that it remains the high school of American statesmen.

How many of our most distinguished men has it not improved in conduct and advanced in wisdom! Only last session Senator Ben Tillman was by Senator Spooner and other brethren advised to his face, as that face was suffused with flushes of mixed sense of unanticipated pleasure and modest consciousness of unworthiness, that he had made distinct progress, that he had deepened, widened, and grown taller since he had become a Senator.

That the Senate is capable of improving our greatest men no impartial observer can doubt, and the most obdurate Senator will confess. It is this very fact that fills our minds with glowing emotions when there arises the prospect of a further refinement by the Senate of the gold within the nature of Theodore Roosevelt when he takes his place as a Senator from New York.

Now it is suggested that David R. Francis would make a fine candidate for the Democrats in 1908. Mr. Francis should think it over well before growing unduly elated over that suggestion.

Hoke Smith the Democratic Moses.

The Accomac News wants to see a Southern man nominated for the Presidency next time. Whether this paper, evidently Democratic, takes its ideas from the Jim Griggs School or the Senator Rayner School, we are not prepared to say, but in some of its ideas it is not only sensible, but unique. The News advocates Hon. Hoke Smith as the standard bearer for 1908, and says:

"We believe if all the Smiths in this country of ours would unite with the Democratic party in 'putting over' one of their name, of whom they should be more than proud, irrespective of party affiliations, that the present tide of success which is beginning to flood the Democratic ranks would overflow and sweep this country from center to circumference. Let's get to work on the Smith family. It is a better proposition than government ownership of railroads."

The Smiths compose a mightly clan, and they could, no doubt, be easily herded and shown the great opportunity before them. What with the solid South and the great army of Smiths to be rallied from outside points, the way really seems strewn with political roses already. But, merely as a precaution, Jones should go on for the second place.

Any way you look at it, a Smith and Jones ticket—especially one headed by the unimitated and inimitable Hoke Smith—would be mighty powerful in the electoral college.

Those politicians who have been speculating as to just who would "boss" Gov.-elect Hughes seem somewhat surprised, as well as pained, to learn that Mr. Hughes intends to be his own boss.

The Harriman Way.

The master of one-seventh of the railroad mileage of the country and directing the operations of two billion dollars of wealth invested in the country's vast system of transportation, Edward H. Harriman, says that "we have railroads enough now." He adds that in future the best policy of railroads will be to develop the rich territory through which they operate, improve the lines and terminals, the rolling stock, and the general facilities for handling freight to the highest standard of efficiency. "Any proposition which would, by agitation or otherwise, injure the credit of big transportation companies so they would not be able to raise capital for improvements would seriously affect the business of the country," declares Mr. Harriman.

It is this latter suggestion which undoubtedly will arrest the attention of thoughtful students of American affairs. Mr. Harriman is aware, of course, that nobody of sense wishes anything to be done that in the least is calculated to injure the railroads of the country. Being a man of a high order of intelligence, he must also be aware that the very thing against which he inveighs is the feature of railroad financiering that the country is determined to curb and control. The strangest fact, the most grotesque phase of railroad management in the United States, and the factor which distinguishes it from railroad management in other countries, is the fixed habit or policy of railroad financiers constantly to increase the debts of the properties they control.

The process of excessive capitalization of the railroads must be stopped somewhere. It has progressed to such a point now that even so astute a financier as Mr. Harriman would arrest wholly the further development of the nation's railroad system in order that the lines established can continue to add to their debts, which simply means in most cases a useless increase of their fixed charges. On this principle there would be no more new roads built and no considerable extensions of those we already have. That there is demand for more roads is too evident to require argument. There are still vast stretches of the country that are not touched by a railroad. Without railroads these sections cannot be developed. The Harriman system would deprive them of the only means by which they can be brought under cultivation.

Some day the lawmakers will look into the Harriman way of administering railroad property.

It is now proposed to build a million-dollar park to surround Pennsylvania's new capitol. We presume it will take about five or six millions to do it.

Standard Oil's Defense.

The board of directors of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has issued a circular to the stockholders of that company containing the statement, which may appear surprising to many people, that "the company's position is unassailable both from a legal and a moral standpoint." It is further asserted that "at every step the utmost care has been observed to conduct the business honestly and fairly, and in accordance with not only the spirit but the technical requirements of the law."

All this may be literally true, and yet not a perfect defense against the many allegations of wrongdoing brought against the Standard. We have no doubt that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is a legally organized corporation. We are quite ready to believe that it has not exceeded its corporate powers as granted by the State of New Jersey. We are even prepared to accept the statement that this particular corporation, if it be not held responsible for the acts of its subsidiary companies, has done nothing in violation of public morality, for it is a holding company, and its chief function is to own the stock of some seventy other corporations, and to receive and pay dividends. That function, doubtless, has been honestly performed. But do these admissions meet the issue raised in the government's suit against the Standard? The government alleges that the various corporations and individuals constituting what is popularly known as the Standard Oil trust are engaged in a conspiracy for the restraint of trade, and for the monopoly of oil production and distribution; that they have entered into contracts with each other for the furtherance of the conspiracy, and that they have forced the railroads to grant them reduced and discriminating rates on their products, to the damage of their competitors. It will be seen that the simple assertion that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is a legal and moral corporation has very little bearing on the case to be tried at St. Louis.

A director of the Standard has been quoted as saying that whenever there was any doubt as to the legality of its acts the facts have been laid before counsel, and that in not a single instance has anything been done that the company's lawyers have declared illegal. This statement may be accepted as true, also, but government investigations, especially into the railroad favors enjoyed by the Standard, have disclosed many clever devices for the evasion of the law, while apparently keeping within its letter. Government lawyers have taken a different view of the legality of these transactions, and hundreds of indictments have been brought against the Standard, based on the theory that they are in violation of law.

It has been said in defense of the Standard that these alleged infractions of law appear to be merely "long-established shipping customs," the illegality of which has never been determined by the courts. "Common business practices," is the designation frequently applied by corporation attorneys to trust actions complained of as injurious and unlawful. We shall presently see whether certain "common business practices," guaranteed legal by trust lawyers, will pass muster in a court of justice.

"Is the country wedded to a policy of tariff robbery?" asks an Indiana contemporary. We are not sure, but if it is, the country is clearly entitled to a divorce with alimony.

Death of a Good Citizen.

Henry C. Burch, proprietor of the Ebbitt House, who has passed away, was a modest but useful factor in Washington life. Statesmen, army and navy officers, business men valued his friendship and esteemed him highly. He was a high-minded, honorable gentleman, and many a heart, here and elsewhere, will be made sore by the message of his demise. A self-made man, he belonged to both the old and the new Washington. He grew with the Capital; was of the type of substantial citizenship that makes for real progress and development. The generous, kindly acts of his daily life, unheralded, will be remembered lovingly by employes and others brought in contact with him, and Washington will mourn the loss of one of its representative men.

The captain of a ship whipped the entire crew in order to put down a mutiny. That's the way to be a truly strenuous boss, all right.

Also no one has thought to remark that Signor Caruso may now resume the even tenor of his way.

That man with $25,000,000 and a desire to wed Mme. Calve seems hard to locate. Perhaps the roll is only stage money, after all.

The output of the 10-cent magazine continues with unabated vigor, both by the publishers and the man who empties the waste basket.

Mr. Croker has improved so very much in thought, deed, and word since he moved to England that New York rather intimates that a move a few thousand miles still farther East would help some more.

Mr. James J. Hill says "the farmer gets the worst of it." Especially in the matter of campaign literature and political advice.

That man who invented an automobile-bank probably realized the absolute necessity of the one for the other.

It may be, just as a writer says, mere pride that causes a man to prefer planked tenderloin to hamburger steak, but there are excellent reasons to think otherwise.

"Suppose some Santa Anna should invade Texas," demands a Boston paper. The Houston Post thinks Santa Claus would easily crowd him clean off the deck.

Signor Caruso probably thinks the scales of justice in this country are composed principally of $10 notes.

Perhaps Mississippi is going to have two holidays because the people just couldn't be sufficiently thankful for Gov. Vardaman in one.

"You should be thankful that you have to struggle along for your daily bread," says young Mr. Rockefeller. Yes, indeed; otherwise how would it be possible to cultivate a breed of young Mr. Rockefellers to give sage advice like that?

We do not know exactly what it is that Spain and Morocco are fixing to fight about, but we rather suspect it is the feather-weight championship.

"It appears that Upton Sinclair's 'Utopia' finds it difficult to preserve its popularity," says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Perhaps he scorns the use of efficient preservatives.

Between President Roosevelt and Senator Tillman, the negro resolutionists are working overtime these days.

If Chicago has set out to put the lid on Senator Tillman, the best we can do is to wish Chicago a pleasant and safe return trip.

"Emperor William has been talking of himself," says a cable. Why not save tolls by simply wiring "Emperor William talking," and let it go at that.

What's the use of Thanksgiving Day anyhow, when Congress meets in a few days after?

A gang of Pittsburg burglars stole a set of surveyor's instruments the other night. Probably fixing to get a line on the next town.

Congressman Littlefield says Samuel Gompers is a "trouble maker." Mr. Littlefield wants no more of his output, either.

"Mr. Hearst stands ready at all times to respond to the call of his party," says Chairman "Fingy" Connors. And it is his party, too, for he bought it and paid for it with his "own money."

Considering the fact that the Ohio fine against the Standard was only $6,000, when it might have been $6,000,000, further lawing on the subject by the company would seem to be very shortsighted.

Montenegro's first parliament is holding its sittings at Cettinje, which really seems about the right place.

That man who invented the phonograph that can be heard a mile should be sternly suppressed. Think of having to walk fifteen or twenty city blocks in order to escape hearing the lady plead with Willie to waltz her around again.

Over the Paternal Knee.

From the Cleveland Leader.

"W'ot did th' superintendent do to yer, w'en yer was caught smokin' cigarettes?"

"Turned me over to th' principul."

"W'ot d' he do?"

"Turned me over to me teacher. An' she turned me over to pa."

"W'ot did yer pa do?"

"Turned me over his— Well, w'ot d' yer s'pose he done?"

Does Not Want Another Haiti.

From the Savannah News.

Obligation rests upon us to do the very best that can be done for Cuba. We cannot afford to abandon the island. That would mean another Haiti close to our doors.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

DISCONCERTING.

When I raved about her hair
And her brows beyond compare,
  Smartly she
Tossed that pretty, curly head,
Turned her back on me and said:
  "Twenty-three!"

But I tried to gamely rise;
Started in to praise her eyes,
  Softly blue.
Whereupon this maid of stone
Cried with hauteur in her tone:
  "Aw, skiddoo!"

"Yours," said I, not put to rout,
"Are like lips I've read about
  In a book."
But between those ruby lips
Came another of her quips:
  "Get the hook!"

I retired. I'd had enough;
Limp as any castoff cuff
  Sought my hat.
What's a fellow going to do
With a girl, I ask of you,
  Built like that?

The Usual Programme.

"Yaas, de beauty an' chivalry ob Smoketown mingled in de ballroom."

"Mingled, yo' say?"

"Mingled 'till 'bout 'leven o'clock. Den dey mixed."

Mindful of Gorky.

"You think the great author will be welcomed in New York?"

"Sure."

"He has a few idiosyncrasies."

"Hm. Can't they visit their respective mothers during his trip?"

Tough.

"How long will my wife last, doctor?"

"Maybe until April, Mr. Hardscrabble."

"Farmer's luck! After winterin' her, tew."

You Know the Breed.

"Here's gold dollars quoted at ninety cents."

"Hadn't we better invest?"

"Not just yet. We may get 'em for eighty if we hold off."

Sarcasm from the Heart.

When you're filled up with fever and ague and grip, and the pipes are a-clang in your steam-heated den, and your throat is as dry as a rooster's with pip, it's certainly easy to write jokes then.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

THE SACRIFICE.

"And let them sacrifice the sacrifice of thanksgiving."—Psalm cvii: 22.

And what shall we heap on the altar?
  The gloom, and the grief, and the tears?
Shall we come, with fotsteps that falter,
  With sighs we have gleaned through the years?
The sorrows that one time bereft us,
  The troubles we might have forgot,
The shadows that long might have left us,
  The strivings that profited naught?

Nay, rather a tithe of the laughter
  And rather a tithe of the joys
Which none of the griefs that come after
  Blots out or makes dim or destroys.
Heap high the first fruits of our pleasure,
  And gleanings of all that made glad;
Dip deep from the bountiful measure
  Of all the good hours we have had.

Then clearly and proudly and brightly
  Shall flash the fair sweep of the flame,
A beacon that glimmers all whitely
  Unfed of our doubt and our shame.
And sweet as the scent of the spices
  In censors swung solemnly slow
The smoke of our own sacrifices
  In wreathings upcurling shall go.

So these shall we heap on the altar:
  The goodness and gladness we knew;
No more with the dross shall we palter,
  But tithe from the sweet and the true.
And long in the ashes shall smolder
  The fire of the light of the soul,
And we shall go braver and bolder
  With faces set firm to the goal.

A MODERN NECESSITY.

"I'm leavin' you this week, mum," says the cook.

"Leaving? This week!" asks the mistress, discouraged. "I am dreadfully sorry, Bridget."

"I have a betther place, mum."

"Will you do me a favor before you go, Bridget?"

"P'raps, mum, if it isn't too much."

"Will you give me a reference?"

CONFORMING TO TRADITIONS.

"How now!" we say, gayly, to our vegetarian friend. "Here you are going home with a dressed turkey under your arm. Isn't this sacrificing principles to some extent?"

"It's merely a papier-mache turkey," he informs us. "We must keep up the old Thanksgiving customs, as we do the Santa Claus legend at Christmas times."

AT LEAST.

At least one might refrain from showing others wherein they are mistaken in their grounds for being thankful.

WILBUR NESBIT.

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Lese Majesty.

From Scrap Book.

James I, of England, and VI, of Scotland, was, as every one knows, deficient in vigor and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons and peculiarly so in his choice of texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity the learned divine gave out his text in the following words: 'James, first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse, 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.' "

"Ods-chickens! he's at me already," exclaimed the King.

Education Neglected.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Says the Charleston News and Courier: "The following mournful tragedy is related by the Mullins Enterprise:

"'Leslie Rogers had the misfortune of losing a very fine hog last week. He had decided to kill it on Friday, but when the water was hot and the men went to the pen they found the 300-pounder dead. It was supposed that it died from suffocation, being too fat.' "

But the real cause of Mr. Rogers' loss was his own provincialism. He lacked a Packingtown education.

Microbes in Water.

From Le Petit Parisien.

The recent epidemic at the St. Maur Camp and the white bills posted in Paris streets by the perfecture of the Seine recall the attention of the public to the danger of drinking water. Is it known that the Seine, before it reaches Paris, contains 23,000 microbes to a centimeter cube, afterward numbers 450,000; that above Lyons there are in the Rhone seventy-five microbes, and below 800; that above Berlin there are in the Spree 4,300 and below more than 97,400 microbes?

Tip for the Knockers.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Washington Herald figures it out that even if the Panama Canal is moving at only a snail's pace it is making pretty good time, after all. The snail can cover a mile in fourteen days. It is always well to be careful in making comparisons.

The Miser.

They tell you his heart will not soften
  At sight of the woes of the poor,
Yet he loosens his pursestrings quite often—
  He has to when putting in more.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Taft and the President.

Unless there has been a sudden and wholly unexpected break in the relations between the President and Secretary Taft, those enterprising journalists and others who are speculating upon what will happen when these two meet after the Chief Magistrate returns to Washington from Porto Rico are reckoning without their host. President Roosevelt is on no more cordial or intimate terms with any member of his official household than with Judge Taft. In their private intercourse they call each other "Will" and "Theodore," and while they have differed more than once as to the advisability or wisdom of certain policies of the administration, it can be stated as a fact of personal knowledge, or, at any rate, of first-hand assurance, they have never permitted these differences to lead to even heated colloquy. For example, Secretary Taft was at the inception of the President's rate regulation programme the only member of the Cabinet, except Attorney General Moody, who was in thorough accord with the President. As that policy developed, however, the Secretary parted company with the President and tried hard to dissuade him from pushing the programme on Congress with too great vigor. Not even this caused the least coolness in their relations. It is now so generally known that President Roosevelt would be gratified should Secretary Taft succeed him that this interesting question is no longer discussed, but merely accepted as a fact. In ordering a temporary suspension of the Executive order for the dishonorable discharge of three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, it is known at the War Department that the Secretary did this only after he had consulted with Secretary Root, in whose judgment the President has as great confidence as in that of Judge Taft, and it is further known that the Secretary intended the suspension to last only a few hours, or until he could communicate fully by wireless telegraph with the President. Persons who know of their relations are not in the least alarmed over the prospect of a stormy meeting between Messrs. Roosevelt and Taft. They know that it will be "Will" and "Theodore" as soon as these two genuine chums get out of earshot of the crowd.

A Bachelor Governor.

It has been many years since Pennsylvania had a bachelor governor. Not since the rugged old Gen. Hartranft occupied the executive mansion overlooking the Susquehanna has an unmarried man been elected governor of that State. But when the Hon. Edwin S. Stuart succeeds the funny and fussy old Judge Pennypacker next January the new governor will have no consort to share his honors and preside over his household. The executive mansion at Harrisburg is to the social life of that city what the White House is to Washington. The salary of the governor is $10,000, about twice as large as the salary paid to most of the governors of other States, and the Harrisburgites expect their chief magistrate to spend it all in social entertainments at the mansion. It is expected that Gov. Stuart's two sisters, Miss Cora Stuart and Mrs. Katherine Lechler, will live with him, and thus the prospects favor quite as gay life at the mansion as Pennsylvania's capital is accustomed to. The governor-elect is not a rich man, and his business, that of managing Philadelphia's most famous book store, will be looked after by his brother while he is conducting the affairs of the State.

Bryan and Folk.

Some queer things happened in the election out in Missouri, but the queerest of all, and probably the most significant, was the defeat of State Senator "Johnny" Morton. Mr. Morton had been a member of the Missouri senate nearly twenty years. His district is overwhelmingly Democratic. During his entire service in the Legislature he has been identified with the corporation interests, and has been one of the chief lieutenants of Col. "Bill" Phelps. Strenuous efforts have been made heretofore to defeat Morton, but his appeal to the Democratic sentiment of his district has prevailed until this year. William Jennings Bryan, presumably without knowing of the grounds of opposition to Morton, went to the district early in the campaign and made a powerful personal appeal for him. Gov. Folk followed Mr. Bryan and asked the people to vote for members of the legislature, regardless of their political affiliations. He did not mention Senator Morton's name, but his audience wildly applauded his plea for honest legislators. What is meant by an honest legislator in Missouri is one that is not suspected of too friendly feeling for the corporations. Morton was defeated by a big majority, and a Republican will represent his ancient Democratic stronghold in the next legislature. Missourians generally declare that the defeat of Morton in the circumstances related indicates that their young governor is now stronger in Missouri than is Mr. Bryan, and that this fact will play a big part in Democratic Presidential politics from now on. Heretofore Mr. Bryan has been stronger in Missouri than all the other politicians in that State combined.

Tillman Will Be There.

The black folks in Chicago are threatening to attack Senator Tillman if he appears in that city next Tuesday night to deliver an address in response to the invitation of some Chicago society women for the benefit of a hospital fund. Mayor Dunne has been appealed to to deny the South Carolina statesman's right to speak in the town. The mayor is in a quandary. He wants to prevent riot and bloodshed, but, being a Democrat himself, he believes in the inalienable right of free speech. Therefore, he is arranging to have Senator Tillman safeguarded, though privately he is advising him to stay away from Chicago at this time. The blacks are terribly stirred up. Mayor Dunne has received an anonymous letter from a colored woman, saying that "Senator Tillman's speech at Orchestra Hall will never be concluded. He will be killed." He has communicated its contents by telegraph to the Senator, and the South Carolinian has wired back that he will be there to make his speech at the appointed time. In this connection an incident which occurred in Washington last winter is interesting. A Western negro politician had been nominated for an important office. Grave charges were filed against him by a negro woman school teacher in his State. She came to Washington to press her charges. The woman laid them before Senator Tillman, and before no other member of the Senate. The South Carolinian told her that she must be mistaken in him; that Northern negroes generally accounted him an enemy of their race. Her reply was that she was aware of this, but she believed he was just and fair. Mr. Tillman took charge of the woman's case, and fought for it as vigorously as though she had been a white woman. The man was confirmed by a narrow margin, but Senator Tillman voted against him.

A Shell Game.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

The American peanut crop being worth $10,000,000, it will cost $20,000,000 to parch it, $20,000,000 to pay the legislators who eat it, and $5,000,000 more to sweep up the hulls.

Slandering Gray Hairs.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

With so many old men in the Senate there is reason enough why a Y. M. C. A. annex has never been built for it.

PUBLICITY IN FINANCE.

Wall Street Magnates Yielding to Pressure of Public Opinion.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

It will interest many people in and out of Wall Street and also in and out of this country to learn that the men of largest affairs, the men who have done most to make America famous, perhaps also a little notorious, industrially, have, after long and grave study, come to the conclusion that they must bow to public opinion and revolutionize their methods of influencing it. The seemingly extraordinary conduct, for example, of J. Pierpont Morgan in laying bare his motives and his ambitions has occasioned little surprise in certain very influential circles. The Harriman interview, so strikingly in contrast with the temperament and reputation of the man, is traceable to this same change in the attitude of our captains of industry, financial magnates, and railroad kings.

Our Napoleons admit that public opinion is to-day greater than all the gold in the universe.

A well known millionaire, who is closely associated with a corporation of the first magnitude, discussed this subject without reserve recently. He asked why his company was so unpopular with the press and the public, and the reply emphasized the distrust engendered by its secrecy, fetish, and its indifference to public opinion. He replied: "That is true. That is the one great mistake we have made. We realize it now. When we started business the newspapers did not count for so much as they do to-day, and as the newspapers make public opinion, it was not necessary to pay very much attention to them. But things have changed—changed entirely. No business is big enough to ignore what the newspapers represent. The old method is fossilized. It won't work now. We know it. We have just realized the full truth of this and"—confidentially—"you are going to see a great change, a very great change."

The steel corporation's policy of publicity was distasteful to more than one prominent director, but gradually the fruits of publicity have become manifest, and they present so great a contrast with the fruits of secrecy that today the wisdom of above-board dealing is recognized by almost all.

AGAINST A THIRD TERM.

Western Paper Discusses the Pressure for Roosevelt's Nomination.

From the Kansas City Journal.

When, on the evening of his election, two years ago, Roosevelt followed the example of Washington and pledged himself not to accept a third term he did a wise and patriotic thing. He was morally great on that occasion; and he will never be morally greater until he finally drives the conviction home to the next Republican national convention that some other man than he must be named for President.

But to-day even a deaf man can hear the tread and the hurrah of a great, and, of course, highly flattering army, seeking to drive him from his position. Yonder they come, a great body of American citizens; sincere, if somewhat hysterical patriots, overwrought reformers, timid scholars, dazzled admirers, selfish and engrossed money makers, scheming politicians, and, of course, mere power worshipers, flatterers, hunkers, and lick-spittles without number; a numerous concourse!

But it must be plain to Mr. Roosevelt that these people are really trying to pull him down from his high estate. He must be nauseated at their stupidity, faithlessness, and cowardice. If they are unable to think for themselves, has not he told them that the two-term customs is wise, and that he has irrevocably adopted the patriotic course? Have they read no history to learn the tendency of power to centralize and magnify itself? Is the nation no longer able to stand alone? Is there no wisdom or courage left in America but in on head and heart? This must be his thought.

Lincoln said that in the late war there were single regiments capable of furnishing administrators for every department of the Federal government. Roosevelt knows that conditions have not changed. Roosevelt, at least, believes that the American people are not yet so rotten as to make necessary a directorship.

A PRESSING ISSUE.

Tariff Not Likely to Be Kept Out of Politics Until 1908.

From the New York World.

If our over-protected manufacturers are soon confronted with a shrinkage in their foreign trade, even they may discover the expediency of lower tariff duties in order to keep open the doors of rich customers like Germany and Canada. Our "stand-patters" are a purely benevolent class of legislators. In the kindness of their hearts they may yet have to consent to President Roosevelt's extracting from his pigeon-hole the old tariff recommendations which he once suppressed under their persuasion. Neither Germany nor Canada is likely to show that sense of Republican fitness which dictates that the tariff issue be kept out of politics until after the next Presidential election.

Some Pullman Whys.

From the Philadelphia Press.

While a very moderate price is charged in dining cars run by railroads, the Pullman Company cannot provide a bed for a night's lodging short of $2.50 a night, a rate prohibitive to many of limited means. Why should not a cheaper rate be provided for those who are only able to pay a lower price? Why should the general public be charged rates which permit the capital of a company enjoying a monopoly be increased one hundred fold in some thirty years?

Campaign Fund Publicity.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

We may not look forward to a time when campaigns can be conducted without funds, but we certainly may look forward to a time when everywhere campaign funds will be handled in the full light of publicity. We may look forward to a time when no money will be given which the giver is ashamed of, and little or none spent which the spender is ashamed of.

O Tempora! O Mores!

From the New York Sun.

Is the man of repute and accomplishment, the man of civic pride and patriotic spirit, the gentleman and the scholar, to be debarred forever from serving this people in the Senate of the United States? Has it finally come to pass that the seats of Clinton and Marcy shall be filled only by mountebanks and bawds?

PERILS.

The peril of wealth, the peril of stealth,
  The peril of trusts in the land;
The peril of greed, the peril of speed
  And perils on every hand.

The peril of booze, the peril of news
  That's yellow and far from the truth;
The peril of "rings," the peril of things
  That menace the progress of youth.

The perils of tracks, the peril of hacks,
  The perils we find on the street;
Of autos and trolleys and traffic in volleys
  And perils we don't like to meet.

The peril of books, the peril of crooks,
  The perils of travelers, too;
The peril of fire and eke the live wire
  And perilous parties, a few.

The peril of race, the peril of place,
  And perils too many to name,
But people who write to draw the limelight
  Keep digging more up, just the same.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

HEARD AT HOTELS.

"I am very much of the opinion that if Senator Foraker should be a candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1908 the Ohio delegation to the Republican convention would go there to give him its solid support," said Mr. Smith W. Bennett, who has been special counsel in the office of Ohio's attorney general for the past eight years.

Mr. Bennett, who is at the New Willard, is an influential Republican, and is thoroughly in touch with the trend of politics in the Buckeye State.

"The great speech made by Foraker at the Dayton convention last summer aroused the entire convention body to a pitch of enthusiasm that has rarely been paralleled. His courage and eloquence in defending his course in the Senate, and his assertion that he would not surrender his conscientious convictions as he saw his duty took the delegates by storm. It was a wonderful scene, and demohstrated beyond a doubt that the Senator has lost none of his old-time hold on the affections of his countrymen, and that he is still the giant figure among modern partisans."

Father Time has given the Hon. Dennis T. Flynn, of Oklahoma, a somewhat portlier figure than when he was the rushing, hustling Territorial Delegate in Congress, who did more things in a day than the average lawmaker in a week, but old Tempus has not dimmed the enthusiasm or genial good nature of the gentleman from the new State, who, since his retirement to private life, has been immensely successful in all his business undertakings. He is, indeed, a captain of industry, and if the Republicans ever get in power in his country will be one of the United States Senators.

"Don't ask me about our late election," said Mr. Flynn to a Herald reporter at the New Willard. "It was a cyclone, a land-slide, a nightmare, a funeral, and all the other unpleasant things on the list. Out of 112 delegates to the constitutional convention, we Republicans elected just eleven, five from Oklahoma and six from the Indian Territory. It was simply awful; but I am here to remind you that because of this cataclysm people ought not to get any foolish notion that this vote was a fair test of the relative strength of the Democratic and Republican parties. As a matter of fact, there is no great difference between them, but every fellow on our side who nursed a grievance for anything that he thought the Republican party had done or failed to do concluded that here was a golden chance to get even; so he went over to the opposition, or else failed to vote at all.

"The Democrats catered to popular racial sentiment, likewise, by advocating jim crow cars and separate waiting-rooms for whites and blacks. Prohibition was another issue which they won votes with, and Federal officeholders furnished another. They had all the luck; but next spring, when we come to vote for State officers and members of the legislature, the Republican vote will come out in all its strength, and we will mix it with our friends the enemy in a way that will surprise them.

"A pleasanter theme is the new State of Oklahoma. It's going to be Uncle Sam's garden spot, and pride and (pardon my seeming bias) the bright particular gem in the galaxy of States. We have the best towns of their size in the Union. Oklahoma City, with 50,00 population, is already taking on metropolitan ways, while Guthrie and Muscogee are not far behind. The star of empire is in the Southwest, and you don't have to strain your vision to see it."

A conspicuous figure in the New Willard last evening was R. H. Little, of the Chicago Tribune, one of the famous newspaper men of the West. He comes to attend the Phi Delta Theta convention, being one of its chief officers. Fraternity men gathered about him in groups, and he was easily the star of the occasion.

"Dick Little," said an old friend, "looks as mournful as a graveyard, with that solemn face of his, but he can write more good funny stuff than 'Carter had oats.' He is a crackerjack newspaper man, and has done great stunts as a correspondent in the Orient. During the Russo-Japanese war his enterprise caused him to hire a tug, which led to his being captured and thrown into a Russian jail. Young Stanley Washburn, son of the Minnesota ex-Senator, was with him and shared his prison cell. The Russians pinched Dick for the reason that they found a couple of Japanese servants aboard his tug, the claim being made that they were in reality spies.

"Of course, it was not to be expected that two American lads should be allowed to languish in a vile foreign dungeon, and the matter became at once the subject of international diplomatic proceedings, with the result that the liberation of Little and Washburn was speedily effected."

The presence of Hon. Judson C. Clements, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in the lobby of the Raleigh last evening was a reminder that Judge Clements' tenure of office will expire on the last day of this year. He has served two full terms of six years each. Judge Clements hails from Georgia; he was in the Confederate army, and also was a member of Congress a number of years on the Democratic side, and on his retirement from the House went upon the Commerce Commission.

It is believed that there will be a host of applicants for his place, mainly from his own section, the South. The office is one of the very best under the government, paying under the new railroad law $10,000 per annum and lasting for seven years. Among the names of possible successors to Judge Clements those of ex-Gov. Montague, of Virginia, and ex-Gov. Aycock, of North Carolina, have been frequently mentioned.

Col. "Pete" Hepburn, the veteran Representative from Iowa, is in town, looking as rugged and sound as at any time in his long and honorable public career.

"Our State election," said the colonel, "while not exactly a surprise, was an illustration of the way that the voters are exercising a brand-new sort of political independence. The old-time fealty to a party name and party organization was conspicuously absent. Republicans by the thousands in Iowa refused to vote for the gubernatorial nominee of their party, but, on the other hand, he got a tremendous support from the Democrats. Indeed, but for the help of the opposition, he would have been beaten."

"Curiously enough," said Hon. W. R. Smith, one of the Texas delegation in Congress, at the Metropolitan, "the district I represent has within the last few years become a great cotton-producing section. Twenty years ago people never dreamed that cotton could be profitably grown in Western Texas. The West was then still regarded as in the semi-arid belt, and was thought fit for nothing except as a grazing region. All this has been changed in a surprisingly short time, and this year the big counties west of Fort Worth, on the Texas and Pacific Railroad, have been the banner cotton counties of Texas. The reason for the transformation is that good seasons can now be looked for and as plentiful a rainfall as the other portions of the State receive. The land is as rich as the Mississippi bottoms, and all it needs is sufficient moisture to insure immense crops. Since Western Texas has proved itself a great farming country, the price of lands has gone up in the past ten years from $5 to $25 an acre."